



*T*o Virgil Finlay

Upon his Drawing for Robert Bloch's Tale, "The Faceless God"

By H. P. LOVECRAFT

In dim abysses pulse the shapes of night,

Hungry and hideous, with strange miters crowned;
Black pinions beating in fantastic flight

From orb to orb through soulless voids profound.
None dares to name the cosmos whence they course,

Or guess the look on each amorphous face,
Or speak the words that with resistless force

Would draw them from the halls of outer space.

Yet here upon a page our frightened glance

Finds monstrous forms no human eye should see;
Hints of those blasphemies whose countenance

Spreads death and madness through infinity.
What limner he who braves black gulfs alone

And lives to wake their alien horrors known?

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